

## A Lost Revenge

By JAMES BUCKHAM

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

A GREAT, lone rock rises like a miniature Gothic castle in the center of a Nova Scotian "barren." All about it sweeps the wide waste of marsh, carpeted with gray moss and bristling with stunted, wiry hard-hack. Off to the eastward, barely visible through encircling brush and reeds, gleams a shallow lake, like a silver platter lost in the grass. Desolation everywhere—desolation, solitude and silence.

A gray October sky was lowering over the barren when my guide and I entered it, coming suddenly out of the dark, thick woods. The sun was just going down in a bank of copper-colored mist on the distant horizon's edge. The solitary rock looming before us was the only object that broke the wide, monotonous expanse of the plain. "That," said my guide, "is Peter Pardeau's calling-rock. Many was the moose Peter called up and shot from there. And once, they say, he shot a white moose. I'll tell you the story in camp, to-night."

We trailed across the barren in a thread of a path through brush and moss—a path that none but a guide's eye could follow in the gathering twilight—and, skirting the northern end of the little lake, struck timber again, climbed a knoll, and came to a trim, peeled-log camp, with the quaint sign over its door—"What Cheer?" Good cheer it meant for us, that night, wet and weary and hungry as we were from a 12-mile walk through the pathless forest. The tight little stove glowed red-hot; the freshly cut balsam "browse" in the bunks gave forth its delicious aroma; the moose-steak from the pack simmered in the spider, and from the coffee-pot rose that fragrant steam which every camper associates with the feasts of the outdoor gods.

After supper came the pipes and the guide's story of Peter and the white moose, which, for the reader's sake, I must tell in fewer words than the guide used, as he leaned back against the logs, blowing long clouds of smoke across the stove.

Peter Pardeau, when he was a young man—so said the guide—loved a girl of his own Arcadian village, a wisp of white cottages nestling by the shore of St. Mary's Bay. Both young people were descendants of the old French settlers of the province, whose romantic story has been so beautifully told by Longfellow in "Evangeline." But Peter was not the only one of fair Theresa's lovers, for she was the most winsome girl in all the parish; and among the other suitors was a handsome, dashing, unscrupulous courier de bois, Gaspard Langlois by name, who vowed he would marry the maiden if he had to carry her away by force. This imposing fellow was Peter's only real rival, for, while she cared nothing for her other suitors, it was plain to be seen that Theresa admired Gaspard greatly, and was in danger of losing her heart to him in spite of the affection which had been growing up between herself and Peter since their childhood.

Peter's love affair was at this critical pass when he was suddenly called away to the states by the death of his father, who had gone to Boston with a cargo of fish, and caught a fever while lying in port there. During Peter's absence on the sad mission of bringing home his father's body for burial Gaspard succeeded in persuading Theresa to run away with him to Quebec, where they were secretly married. Gaspard, as it afterwards appeared, had poisoned Theresa's mind by certain evil stories about Peter, which, though false in every particular, had caused the foolish girl to believe her lover untrue to her. In a moment of bitter anger, jealousy and disappointment she had consented to requite Peter by eloping with his rival. All this Peter learned after it was too late to right the wrong done him. Gaspard and Theresa had disappeared; nor did they ever afterward return together to the village that had been Theresa's home. Of his sweetheart's fate Peter could learn nothing. She had utterly vanished out of his life. But her memory did not die, and as long as he lived the wronged lover vowed that he would revenge himself upon the hated Gaspard Langlois, if ever fate threw the chance in his way.

For many years, Peter Pardeau, exiled by a broken heart, lived the life of a forest hermit. His fame as a hunter spread far and wide. There was no one who could equal him in calling up the lordly bull moose in rutting time; none who could follow the trail of moose or bear or caribou so unerringly; none who could shoot a rifle or read the signs of the woods with such masterly skill.

It was not long before Peter Pardeau first began to use the great castle-like boulder in the barren beyond Lost Lake for a "calling rock." The shores of the lake were a favorite feeding ground for moose, and their trails led here and there across the great barren; but only Peter could call the wary bulls within shooting distance of the forbidding rock in the marsh. There was none like it, none so seductive, even among their own kind!

One early October evening, gray, still, foreboding—Peter lay behind the cleft of the big rock, calling for moose. For a long time the weird sound floated away over the marsh and across the little lake without an answer. Then came a distant bellow, which gradually drew nearer and nearer, as Peter enticed the old bull with his deftly-plied birch-bark horn. At length the great creature emerged into the marsh, and, as it came on, Peter, peering bareheaded over his rampart of rock, saw with a thrill that set even his heart throbbing that it was a snow-white bull—the famous albino moose of the Barro woods, the subject of many a startling

camp-fire tale. To shoot the almost fabled albino moose would crown Peter's fame as a hunter and give him a name that would long survive in the traditions of the province. And this was, probably, the only chance he would ever have to perform such a feat.

The man fairly trembled with excitement as he pushed his long, old-fashioned rifle through a cleft in the rock and made ready to fire the shot of his life. The white moose was coming straight toward the rock where the hunter lay concealed. Peter crouched behind the rampart and, sweeping his horn low and close to the surface of the rock, gave one more muffled and seemingly retreating call.

As he slowly lifted head and eyes into the cleft once more he was amazed to see just emerging into the barren, beyond the big rock, the figure of a man. The newcomer was unarmed, save for an ax, and he carried a peddler's pack on his back. As he came in sight of the moose he stopped short and half turned, as if to flee. This brought his face directly toward Peter's hiding place—and instantly the hunter recognized him, in spite of the ravages of time, as the same Gaspard Langlois who had robbed him of his youthful sweetheart! Poor, degraded, and now, no doubt, alone in the world, fallen from his dashing splendor of voyageur and man of the city, how hardly, after all, had fate dealt with Theresa's successful suitor! Yet he was the same Gaspard Langlois, the man who had spoiled two lives, and destiny had at last cast him into Peter's hand.

The white moose advanced a few steps further and stopped, confronting the man who had suddenly emerged from behind the rock. Both seemed spellbound. Both were now within range of the deadly rifle of Peter Pardeau—the famous old rifle that had slain so many moose and caribou and bear! The long barrel shook in the crevice with a faint rattling sound. Peter turned it first on the man, and then back again on the moose. A fierce red spot blazed on each of the man's cheeks. His hands trembled like two wind-shaken autumn leaves. Revenge bled, "Shoot the man, let the moose go!" Fame, the long-cherished mistress of the lonely hunter, whispered, "Kill the moose first—then the man. A moose can run faster than a man!"

The trembling barrel of the old muzzle-loader swayed to and fro. The spots blazed redder and fiercer in the marble cheeks of the hunter. Suddenly the white moose turned broadside—and a sheet of flame shot forth from the calling-rock. The moose sprang forward, then stumbled, and fell in a quivering heap amidst the hard-hack.

At the sound of the rifle's crack Gaspard Langlois raised his eyes in terror to the great rock. Peter had leaped to his feet and with frantic haste was pouring a fresh charge of powder into the long barrel of his rifle. By a subtle divination Gaspard recognized the man he wronged, and knew the meaning of Peter's deadly haste. That handful of sliding, tinkling powder was for him!

Gaspard Langlois dropped the pack from his back and fled toward the lake and the forest beyond. Like a snipe, flushed from a tussock or clump of reeds, he twisted and zigzagged in his flight, that the bullet might perchance speed by him to left or right, and bury itself in the oozy marsh. Peter worked himself up to the highest pinnacle of the rock, all the while driving home the patched bullet in the long rifle barrel. He toiled with fierce haste, but with deadly sureness. Not a motion was wasted.

All ready now, save the little copper cap to slip over the nipple! Peter fetched it out of his buckskin pocket with a swift motion of thumb and finger; but just as he was fitting it to the nipple he raised his eyes for the fraction of a second to mark his victim's whereabouts. Gaspard was just dodging into the shadow of the woods! The cap slipped and went tinkling down the slope of rock. Peter sprang after it, dropped down upon his knees, caught the rolling bit of metal and crushed it down over the nipple of his gun. When he rose, with the rifle pressed hard against his shoulder, the vast barren lay desolate and deserted. Not a living figure was anywhere in sight. Peter had won the fame he craved—but one little slip of the hand had lost him revenge.

## Mirror-Writing.

In a recent case of mirror-writing a boy of seven or eight wrote unusually well, but in this singular reversed style and some months later, after acquiring the normal method of writing, would return to his original style on becoming fatigued. Dr. C. D. Jones, of Boston, in reporting the case, states that the anomaly seems to be more common in England than in America. In one group of 451 the percentage of mirror-writers was 5.1, but in many reported instances the specimens have proven to be merely those of poor penmanship. Various explanations of the peculiarity have been offered. It seems to be most common with mental disease, but has been observed in persons of normal mental capacity, and one explanation is that it is due to left-handedness and some preponderating influence of the left brain.

## The Army of Panama.

Our naval officers off the coast of Panama note no activity in the ranks of the Colombian invading army. At last advices, according to the Denver Post, it was sitting under a tree smoking cigarettes and scratching at fleabites.

## Might Spoil the Pleasure.

A German chemist claims to have discovered a way to extract nicotine from tobacco, making it harmless without spoiling the flavor. The Chicago News asks if it is to be harmless would men want to continue its use?

Most of the conclusions a man reaches theoretically are practically useless.

## Athletics Injurious to Women

By PRESIDENT ELIOT,  
Of Harvard University.

IT IS evident to my mind, convinced as it is by observation and the records of athletics as far as they concern women, that the weaker sex cannot indulge very much in athletics without injuring themselves seriously and permanently. I do not believe that boating, putting the shot and other similar violent forms of exertion are safe or proper for women to indulge in.

Women will never compete with the men's colleges in athletics. I see absolutely no possibility of that ever taking place. Women do not seek the competition, and it would be of no benefit to them.

Women were not originally intended for such violent exercises as man, and some things they go into must strain them. For a woman to put the shot is preposterous. There may be women living who are made in such a strange, unnatural way that it is not injurious for them to put the shot, but for the majority of women it would be enough to hurt them for life.

Boating also is bad for women. Women's colleges do not have crews to any great extent, but the women who do go into boating will not last long in their athletic life. Women's athletics are a good thing in moderation, but for them to try to do all that their brothers do is a mistake. They can never attain to what the men are doing and will only hurt themselves in the attempt.

## BAR SHOOTING FOR SWANS.

One Method of Gunning for the Swift-  
est Flying Birds in the  
World.

The true bar-shot, the uncompromising aristocrat of duck shooters, is pleased to disdain decoy shooting. Sadly he spends morning after morning in the "box," preferring the memories of ancient glory and a wild shot or two at black ducks or swan or geese to the comparatively fair and easy success of decoy work. Perhaps two or three times in a season, if he keeps at it, there will come a real taste of the old splendor, says Country Life in America.

The bar is a very long, narrow spit of sandy beach and marsh, stretching out for a mile between the river and the bay. The ducks, geese and swan, in trading from the river to the bay and from the bay to the river, find it easier to most winds to cross the bar rather than laboriously fly around it. From their height its 50 yards of width looks like a mere ribbon between the broad waters; with an extra spurt of speed and a few yards more altitude they swing across and above with the speed of a tornado.

Crossing as they do in mid flight, with an acceleration of speed instead of the slowing up of decoyed birds, the bar flying gives the task of hitting the most rapidly moving objects known to the shooting world. This would not be an insurmountable obstacle for quick eyes and steady nerves, but there is one peculiarity of this shooting that makes it at once fascinating and maddening to the best of shots who have not found the secret.

Your duck, goose or swan is flying, say 100 miles an hour. He is 60 yards in the air when he comes. Taking the velocity of the shot at 1,300 feet per second, the shot will take something like one-seventh of a second to go the sixty yards, and in that time the great bird will have rushed through the air a distance of about 20 feet. In other words, if your swan hunter shoots at a point some 20 feet ahead of the bird, the swan will fly into the shot.

What the bar-shot really does is to throw up his big gun just before the birds come to be perpendicularly over him, follow them just to the perpendicular with gun held on them to get the line, and then shove the weapon away ahead of the hurtling targets, pulling the trigger while the gun is moving. How to do this puzzling trick so as to establish the necessary connection comes to be an instinctive matter with the elect. Many, even the quickest and deadliest of field shots, simply cannot learn it; the masters in shooting "rise" on a swift rank of fowl sweeping below the clouds, and cut a single bird out of the ghostly whirl overhead! So mighty is the tension of nerves and wing-muscles in these fights that the struck birds keep far on in their rush even when theoretically killed, some times for a quarter of a mile.

## Castle Homage.

On his second voyage across the Atlantic, in 1493, Christopher Columbus sailed further south than in his former venture, first sighting land at Dominica in the Lesser Antilles, thence coasting the chain until he arrived at his point of departure of the year before, on the north coast of Santo Domingo, where he laid the foundation for a settlement which he called "Isabella," after the queen of Spain. Local tradition points out an ancient castle near the river's mouth known as the "Homage," in which it is stated Christopher Columbus was confined in chains, previous to being sent to Spain in the year 1500. But the truth is that this castle, ancient as it is, was not built until 1509, long after the historic event took place, though it is indeed the oldest structure of its kind in America.—From "Santo Domingo," by Frederick A. Ober, in Four-Track News.

## Cheap Electricity.

Of his new invention for the cheap production of electricity Mr. Edison says: "You can wire your house for anything that electricity will do, and the batteries in your automobile will operate the plant. The cost? It is so trifling after you are provided with your plant that it is not worth mentioning. The fuel used in this machine is one that has never before been used for fuel under these conditions."

## For Perfumery.

The Sicily Islands produce yearly 700 tons of flowers for perfume making.

## THE ANGRY TREE.

Species of Acacia Found in Idaho  
That Seems to Possess An-  
imal Instincts.

There has been discovered in the wilds of northwestern Idaho a species of the acacia tree, which is entitled to be classed as one of the wonders of plant life. It grows to a height of about eight feet, says an exchange, and when fullgrown closes its leaves to gather in coils each day at sunset and curls its twigs to the shape of pig tails. After the tree has settled itself thus for a night's sleep, if touched the whole thing will flutter as if agitated or impatient at being disturbed. The oftener the foliage is molested the more violent becomes the shaking of the branches, and at length the tree emits a nauseating odor, which, if inhaled for a few moments, causes a violent, dizzy headache.

The angry tree, it has been named, was discovered by travelers who, upon making camp for the night, placed one end of a canvas covering over one of the sensitive bushes, using it for a support. Immediately the tree began to sharply jerk its branches. The motion continued, growing more nervous until at last the sickening odor which it gave out drove the tired campers to a more friendly location. Curiosity of course, prompted an investigation. One of the angry trees was dug up and thrown to one side. Immediately upon being removed from the ground, the tree opened its leaves, its twigs lost their pig tails, and for something over an hour and a half the outraged branches showed their indignation by a series of quaking, which grew weaker as the time passed, finally ceasing altogether, when the foliage hung limp and withered. The next morning the tree was placed upright in the ground again, a little water was applied to the roots, and very soon it resumed its normal condition.

## DISARMING THE GODS.

The Preparation of Japanese, Chi-  
nese and Hindoo Boys for  
Their School Life.

Among the eastern nations the beginning of school life is a critical time for the child, says Everybody's Magazine. The priest or astrologer must be consulted to choose a lucky day. Every precaution must be taken to avert the jealousy of the gods, whose malice is especially directed against a fine boy.

The Chinese father who adores his son will take the utmost pains to convince the powers of the air that the boy is of no account. The child may be given a despicable name, like flea, or Chu-tze, a pig, or more insulting still, he may be given a girl's name. The boy may be started off to school wearing a girl's dress and one earring, and if the deception is complete this will be the most effectual of all, for even the gods do not care for girls in China.

The Japanese schoolboy wears hanging from his belt a little red bag, containing a brass tag, with his name and his parent's name and address upon it. He must have his paper umbrella and fan, and in a gay bag upon his arm, is a jar of rice for his luncheon. This quaint little fellow has probably made his offering at his own private shrine to Tenjin, the god of penmanship.

When the Hindoo boy has found an auspicious day to begin school, he is taken to the god of learning, Sarasvati. Here the little suppliant presents his offerings of rice and betelnuts, and repeats the letters of the alphabet after the priest. Thus he is entered into the ways of knowledge in the very presence of the god.

## How He Acted.

"How did he act when he proposed?" asked Miss Parafine.

"Finest acting I ever saw," exclaimed Miss Kolash. "For a moment I thought he had really forgotten about my money and really loved me!"—Indianapolis Sun.

## Accounts Differed.

"I wonder how they ever became engaged?"

"Their accounts differ. She says he threw himself at her feet, and he says she threw herself at his head."—London Tit-Bits.

## Subscribe

FOR A

BOURBON  
HOME

TELEPHONE.

The BOURBON HOME is a home industry—owned by home people; managed by people, and is the latest and most up-to-date Telephone service.

Try one for one month, and you will be convinced of its superiority over all others. There is

## NO CROSS TALK.

You can transact private business over the HOME 'PHONE with the assurance that other people does not hear you.

Now Is the Time.

A new Directory will be issued from this office in a few days, so if you want to get your name in it, subscribe at once.

## Your Trip

TO THE

World's Fair,  
St. Louis,

IN

1904,

TO INSURE THE

DAYLIGHT ENTRANCE to the  
Mound City and an unobstructed, Panor-  
amic view of the Levee and Shipping  
District of the Father of Waters, should  
be made by the

BIG FOUR.

WARREN J. LYNCH, W. P. DEPPE,  
Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt. Asst. G.P. & T. Agt.  
J. E. REEVES General Southern Agt.  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.NEW ROADWAY  
TRACK  
EQUIPMENT.Fast Scheduled Trains  
TO

ST. LOUIS

3 OF THEM AND 3  
ALL DAILY.No Additional Charge  
FOR SUPERB SERVICE AND QUICK TIME.ELEGANT COACHES,  
Fullman Drawing Room Sleeping  
Cars, Parlor, Observation,  
Dining Cars.For Rates, Time of Trains or any Information,  
call on nearest ticket agent or address,  
O. P. McCARTY,  
General Passenger Agent,  
CINCINNATI, O.CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH  
PENNYROYAL PILLS

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggists for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutes and imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Beller for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO. PHILA., PA.  
Mention this paper.

ATTENTION.—House-keepers will do well to read the advertisement on page 7 of Davis & Faris. This firm through fair dealing and keeping one of the best stocks of groceries has become one of the first stores in Paris. See them before buying your holiday goods.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine  
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets  
The remedy that cures a cold in one day

My agency insures against fire,  
wind and storm—best old reliable  
prompt paying companies—non-  
union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

NEBRASKA  
THE LAND  
OF PLENTY

I wonder why it is that so many men spend their days working hard on rented farms, barely making enough to get along, with no great prospect ahead of owning their own homes, when within a few hours' journey is a land of plenty—Nebraska—where all kinds of grain and fruit can be raised with the least amount of labor; where cattle and hogs fed on corn bring a handsome profit; where the climate is healthful and churches and schools abound; where land is cheap and can be bought on very easy terms.

Think of this, and if you want information about the country send to me for "The Corn Belt," a beautifully illustrated monthly paper that tells all about Nebraska, and also for "The West Nebraska Grazing Country," an interesting illustrated booklet containing a large sectional map of Nebraska.

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month during the balance of this year cheap excursion tickets will be sold over our road to Nebraska, so that people may go and see for themselves. Ask your ticket agent about this.

P. S. EUSTIS,  
Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt. C. & N. W. R.R.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

TYPHOID FEVER

DIPHTHERIA SMALL POX

The germs of these deadly diseases multiply in the decaying glue present in all kalsomines, and the decaying paste under wall paper.

Alabastine is a disinfectant. It destroys disease germs and vermin; is manufactured from a stone cement base, hardens on the walls, and is as enduring as the wall itself.

Alabastine is mixed with cold water, and any one can apply it.

Ask for sample card of beautiful tints and information about decorating. Take no cheap substitute.

Buy only in 5 lb. pkgs. properly labeled.

ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

New York Office, 105 Water St.

Solar Light Co., Dept. A, Springfield, O.

SMOKELESS  
LAMP-WICK

Make old lamps burn like new. Why be annoyed with the old kind when you can get a SMOKELESS Wick. No black chimneys. No bad odors. Makes a brighter light and a cleaner lamp. They save time and money.

Send us a piece of paper the width of your wick with 25 cents and we will mail you six (6) or ten (10) SMOKELESS Wicks, together with a full set of instructions, with HOW TO CARE FOR LAMPS—FREE.